

# Weasel War Dance

*by blue artemis*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"It's all your fault, you know!"

"How is it *my* fault, Ronald?"

"If you had just married me, this would never have happened!"

"If you get that pitch any higher, Ronald, you are going to crack the windows. And you know that it *would* have happened, and you would no longer have your bits as well as being a were-weasel."

"Fine. You're right. Are you happy now?"

"Well, yes. My husband is not the type to get drunk and have a one-night stand with a were-weasel."

"How was I supposed to know?"

"You didn't notice the weasel war dance?"

"We were in a dance club. I just thought she was energetic. And a bit clumsy, but... well, that just reminded me of Tonks."

Hermione was lost in a fit of giggles, so her husband felt the need to investigate.

"Why is my wife giggling madly, Mr. Weasley?"

"Couldn't you just stay dead?"

"Now, now, Mr. Weasley, what is going on?"

Ron just crossed his arms across his chest, turned his nose upward and pouted.

"Snork... were-wease... snort, hee!"

Severus decided that he couldn't have just heard what he thought he heard, so he invited Ron to a game of chess. Part way through, Ron made a rather bold move and took Severus's knight. All of a sudden, he stood up, jumped around a bit, contorted his body, waggled his hips, tripped over the chair, fell to the floor, got up and bounced around in glee.

“Bloody hell, Weasley! You managed to sleep with a were-weasel? You do know what is going to happen, don't you?”

Ron looked at him warily. “No. Why?”

“You will start to covet shiny things.” Ron surreptitiously hid the shiny brooch he had taken from the front table in his pocket.

“You will prefer to eat rarer and rarer meat, until you won't care if it is cooked at all.” Ron thought back to the rare steak he had for dinner and almost drooled.

“You will pounce on things that you think you see out of the corner of your eye.” Ron started to look worried.

“Finally, you will end up furry all over, looking more and more like a weasel, until you turn into one for good. And I wouldn't do so near your mother's chicken coop, or you will find out why there are no vermin in her yard.”

Ron looked at Severus with horror in his eyes. He muttered some sort of farewell, then bolted for home.

“Well done, my dear! It was a rather brilliant plan.”

“Yes, Severus, I know. But we should also thank Lavender. She was willing to use the Polyjuice and sleep with him.”

“Ms. Brown, formerly Weasley will be well compensated by your custom and your praise, and she knows it.”

“I wonder how long it will take him to figure out it really was a prank?”

“Do you really care, love?”

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Many thanks to Pennfana for the beta!

You can find the Weasel War Dance on Wikipedia.

Prompt from HermioneDiggory: 6. A drunken Ron has a one-night-stand and wakes up to find himself covered in tiny love bites. On the nightstand is a note from his erstwhile 'date' informing him that she's a were-weasel. Ron is sure that he's been pranked... but then strange things start happening. (An alternate scenario could involve Draco and a supposed were-ferret. Your choice.)